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**Waste not a Moment.**  
BY CHARLES LESTER.  
There is no time, in my climate,  
That should be unemployed;  
An active mind will ever find  
There's nothing dull and void.  
All things that live, some charms will give,  
If sought without delay;  
From year to year I seem to hear  
This truthful voice of Wisdom say,  
Waste not a moment!  
The singing birds, in simple words,  
As ever truthful lesson tell,  
That indolence by no pretence,  
Can fill our earthly mission well.  
Go, watch them work, they never lurk  
In indolence about,  
Throughout the day, you'll find that they,  
While the light of day is out,  
Waste not a moment!  
If you at ease, your mind would please,  
Let not the time be wasted,  
But take a book, and through it look,  
And when its sweets you've tasted,  
Peruse it well, and on it dwell,  
And find some truthful lay  
To feed your mind, and then you'll find  
The voice of Holy Truth will say,  
Waste not a moment!  
Heed not mankind, who are so blind  
To look but at the covers;  
Like maidens fair, who only care  
For the appearance of their lovers;  
But search for truth aspiring youth,  
"Tis always worth your finding,"  
My plain advice is small in price—  
You'll find it 'neath the binding—  
Waste not a moment!  
In every hour we have the power  
To do some little good;  
If we a neighbor help to labor,  
"Tis only doing what we should;  
For we were sent with the intent,  
Upon this fertile land,  
Man and brother, help one another,  
For 'tis thy God's command,  
Waste not a moment!

**Power of the Soil to Absorb Odors.**  
It is well known that onions, if buried in the earth for a few days previous to being cooked, will have lost much of their rank flavor. Wild ducks, which are often too fishy in flavor to be good, may be rendered much more palatable by being wrapped in absorbent paper and buried in the ground for a few hours. Dried codfish loses much of its austerity of flavor (if we may use a term) by similar treatment. During the plague, in Europe, clothing was often buried for a time to disinfect it. This absorbent property of the soil is due to the presence of carbonaceous matters, for clean sea-beach sand will produce no such results, while pulverized charcoal will act with much greater energy than common soil. On this principle, animal matter coated with unleached ashes, and then buried in pulverulent peat or muck, will not only decompose without giving off offensive odors, but the muck will also, by absorbing the resulting gases arising from decomposition, be rendered highly valuable as a fertilizer. Dr. Dana says that a dead horse, if cut in pieces and treated as above, will render twenty loads of muck equal in quality to the best stable manure.

**Making a Mark.**  
A captain of a sloop hired a Yankee, "a green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with corn.—Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Yankee, who was jingling the price of his day's work in his pantaloons, cried out from the wharf—"Say you captaining! I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail fence around the stern, right over the spot where it went down, so you'll find your shovel when you come back."

**The Camel.**  
We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the subjoined paper upon the Camel, from the pen of a gentleman who has had much experience of the habits and character of the animal, and wishes to see it imported into America for its serviceable qualities.—*National Intelligencer.*  
It is a fact well known to Eastern travellers, and especially to those who have visited the mountainous regions of Syria, Palestine, and the Peninsula of Sinai, that the camel is as serviceable on rough mountain paths as in the moving sand of the desert. On this account the modern Arab never troubles himself with road making. He will not even remove a stone from the middle of the path which leads to his usual watering place. The dry bed of a torrent is his high road across the mountains, and footprints are his guides through the plains. The tough soles of the camel's feet are affected neither by the burning sand nor by the loose, sharp edged stones strewn over that volcanic mountain range which extends from the Taurus to the Indian Ocean. The long legged, sure footed animal makes his way through the heavy mud, crosses the rapid torrent, steps over the huge stones and other impediments which he often encounters, and this with a load upon his back, and sometimes, perhaps, the additional weight of the lazy driver, while the mule would be unable to travel over the same ground, though without any load whatever.  
The camel is not exclusively made use of by the peaceable traveller and merchant. Both the privileged and unprivileged robbers of Arabia and Africa prefer them to the horses of Nedjee or Dongola. The dromedary,\* or running camel, (in Arabic, "bahree," or "bakeen,") is not a particular species. Any young camel may be trained for racing or for war, although the mountain breeds are best adapted for these purposes. The camel drinks only every second day; but it may be deprived of water for three days together, without any effect upon its health and vigor. It will perform an eight days' journey with no other food than three pounds of oil-cake and a few handfuls of grain. The dromedary carries sixty pounds weight in addition to its rider; and it will outstrip the fleetest horse in a day's march. The "cavass" of the Egyptian government travel on dromedaries from Cairo to Suex, a distance of ninety-three miles, in eight hours. It takes but half a minute to secure the camel in a sitting posture by the bridle string, so that it can neither rise nor move until released. Camels would therefore, afford an effectual protection to mounted riflemen against the attack of cavalry as *chevaux de frise*.  
The common day's journey of caravans in Syria and Arabia is from twenty-seven English miles, and the load of each camel is between four and five hundred weight. The Indian mail is conveyed from Suex to Cairo on Camels in eighteen hours. An Egyptian camel, amongst the tallest and strongest breeds, will carry for a short distance—six hundred to one thousand yards—from 10 to 20 cwts.  
The camel is also very successfully employed for *drought* by the engineer department of Aden. It is far superior to the slow and greedy ox, (an animal which none but a persevering Dutchman ever forces to a trot.) The camel draws as much as two oxen: it walks twice as fast, and it certainly does not eat more than one ox. It may be broken in when three years old, and will be useful and active to the age of 15 or 20. The best food on journeys is oil-cake, beans, and Indian corn.  
The camel is certainly more useful than either the lama, mule, horse, or ox, as well on account of its superior strength, frugality, endurance, and willingness, as of its adaptability to every climate and every soil. On the journey from Damascus to the coast, in the month of March, or from Konia to Smyrna, the traveller often passes in a day from the snows of the mountain range to the burning sands of the desert—a change which has no effect upon his hardy beast.  
Amongst the Mohammedans camel's flesh is an article of food. When young it is not easily distinguished from a beef. Camel's milk is the chief food of the wandering Arab; and the hide of the animal is considered superior to every other for sandals.  
I have thus enumerated some of the advantages which would render the introduction of the camel into America an inestimable benefit. There is no reason why the camels should not be as serviceable to man on the prairies of Texas and the mountain regions of Mexico, and California, as in the corresponding tracts of the Old World—the line of country from Orenbourg to Mogadore, and from Mogadore to Pekin. It would be acclimated as soon and as easily as the *genus asinus*, no species of which existed here until the Spaniards imported the horse and ass, and the New World already possesses an animal of corresponding species to the camel—the lama.  
\* Use this name (which is derived from the Greek word DROMOS) in the sense in which it was employed by the Greeks, to denote the running camel. It is more often, but improperly, applied to the Persian camel with two humps.

Camels are often annoyed by sore humps and the mange, which from the carelessness of the Arab, are often neglected till they put an end to the animal's usefulness. There are also other defects, which the dealers are as dexterous in concealing as any dealer in horse-flesh in the Old or New World. In purchasing, therefore, it is necessary to be acquainted, not only with the nature and habits of the animals, but also with the language and character of the dealers, and with the laws which regulate cattle-dealing—laws which are the same wherever the Arabic is spoken and the Koran revered. I have seen camels of burden sold for \$3 and for \$50, and running camels for \$20 and for \$200. The cheapest and the best are to be procured in those places where there is least foreign trade; for example, Mogadore, in the Khalifat of Morocco.  
With regard to transport, a vessel of 250 tons would hold sixty camels. If such a vessel were to go to Marseilles with a cargo of American goods, and leave that port on her return under ballast, with ten tons of linseed oil-cake and two hundred and forty bags of Egyptian beans, stop at Mogadore and take on board the camels, which should already have been purchased and held there in readiness, they would probably be in Galveston in about three months from the time the vessel left America. Twenty-five dollars cost, and twenty-five dollars freight of each animal, would, I think, be the maximum of the expenses. At all events, for \$4,000 sixty camels could be easily brought to Galveston, which would enable a company of fifty Americans, with ten African servants, to cross the continent to San Francisco, with the greatest comfort, in two months and a half. They could take 150 cwts. of baggage, besides arms and ammunition; and could also carry food and water for man and for beast sufficient for four, or if necessary, even eight days. Two extra camels might be employed to carry two small field howitzers, the weight not to exceed one-fourth of a ton each: and another camel might be used for draught where the road was level.  
*A Swiss Traveller in Syria and Arabia.*

**Hit him again.**  
The following capital anecdote we find in the *National Intelligencer*:  
Gen. T. of New York, a gentleman of known wealth and liberality, was not long since called upon by a person to obtain his signature on a petition for the abolition of capital punishment.  
The person unfolded his papers and documents, and presented and enforced his argument in rather a tiresome speech, stopping occasionally to deposit a mouthful of tobacco juice upon a nice parlour carpet. Gen. T. was in favor of diminishing capital punishments, but doubted the propriety or expediency of abolishing them in all cases. At the expression of this opinion his visitor began to bridle up and prepare to lay down his arguments with greater force; and in order to give greater facility to his enunciation, he took from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco and threw it upon the white marble hearth, saying he wished the General would be so good as to inform him in what cases capital punishment could ever be justified or defended.  
"Well," said the General, "it strikes me that if, we are going to abolish capital punishment, there are two cases which should be made exceptions."  
"Two cases, are there?" said the petitioner.  
"Well, sir, I should like to hear them stated and the arguments for them?"  
"The first," said the General, "is that of clear, cold-blooded, premeditated murder. The person who lies in wait or in ambush, with malice prepense, and takes the life of a fellow-creature, ought to forfeit his life in return.—He deserves to be hung."  
"Well, I have abundance of arguments to meet that occasion said the visitor. "Now I should like to know what is your other case."  
"The other case," said the General, "is that of the animal that walks on two legs, calls itself a man and carries a mouthful of disgusting filth into a clean house, and there pours it forth upon the carpet and scatters it over the hearth. Such a being is certainly not fit to live in decent society, and I do not know of any better or more ready mode of getting rid of him than to hang him.—With these two exceptions, I think I should be willing to sign your petition for the abolition of capital punishment."  
The visitor gathered up his papers, thrust them into his pocket and with a very bland look hastily withdrew. He has not called since to receive the General's signature.

**Gold Mines of Ohio.**  
A farmer in Harrison county, ploughed and hoed up \$100 in gold off 3 acres of his ground. It was in small yellow grains, beautiful to the eye, and finer than 22 or any other number of carats. In fact, it was 392 bushels of shelled corn, and the gold was obtained by the attractive qualities of the grain over-mastering that of the metal. What mine can be wished for, more rich or attractive?

**How Lazy Sam Won the Race.**  
A Kentuckian horse drover being in South Carolina with a drove, happened to take it to the neighborhood of General H—, whose character for jockeying and maneuvering in trade is much more celebrated than his feats in arms. The Kentuckian having perfect acquaintance with his character, went to see him to sell him horses—or to swap—or to run a race, as the destinies might order and decree.  
He was one of our careless, unconcerned, knock-down and drag-out looking sort of fellows; who would assume just as much simplicity of countenance and address, as circumstances might require. He had the appearance of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and as usual, was dressed in the blue mixed jeans to hide dirt, and wore a drab colored hat for the same reason.  
"General," said he, "I am just from old Kaintuck, with some powerful nice horses, and may be you want some. Daddy told me if I come on your parts to call on you, and he reckoned may be you would buy a pair of matches, or hold me out in tradin'; for he said you had a power of money, and understood tradin' to a scribe. Here's a letter from him," handing one. "And besides I've as nice a pair of matches, as you could shake a stick at; and as tight a nag for a quarter, Dadd, says, as any in the parts; he says I must run no races, cause I mought lose, and we want all the money we can scrape to pay for land. But I reckon he'd suit you to a fraction caze you're a sportin' character, and mought win a powerful chance of money on him."  
While he was thus introducing himself and telling his business, the General opened the letter which read as follows:—  
Dear General—I take this opportunity, to write to you by my Job, who is taken the first drove he ever driv, and I want you to roll logs a leetle for him, if so he suits you. Job's spry enough at home, but hasn't cut his eye teeth, and if you'll lend him a hand, I'll due as much for any of your boys if you've got any, whenever they come here tradin' or any thing else. So no more at present but remain your affectionate friend till death. PETER TOMPKINS.

The hero of our horse races, cotton bags, and sugar hogsheds, thought he perceived a neat speculation and acted accordingly. Mr. Job Tompkins was received with much courtesy; his man and boy entertained with the best in the larder; while his five-and-twenty horses were not neglected. It is true the General had not the slightest recollection of his friend and correspondent Peter Tompkins.—He might have once known him, or not—it was the same thing. Here was Job, a raw Kentucky stripling, with twenty-five horses, as easily squeezed as a ripe lemon. It was not in his nature to forbear.  
In the meantime, Mr. Job Tompkins made himself quite free and easy; and swaggered about the costly furnished apartment as if he had been in a log cabin. He viewed the silver plate on the sideboard with much apparent astonishment; and a pair of silver snuffers, especially, excited his curiosity.  
"Lord, General! ar them thar candle-snuffers made out of the pure stuff? I never see'd any afore but ir'n ones and many uses her sheers. And all them ar things on that ar big chist (the sideboard) is the ra'el spanish castings! I heard talk of this afore, but never see'd it. Now if I was to tell this in our settlement, they wouldn't hop straddle of me, and ride right over me rough shod, for a liar. But they say you're a powerful sight the richest man in the South States, ain't you?"  
To all which the General returned suitable answers; and Mr. Job and he were hand in glove, for the time being. Each man resolutely bent to make a successful lodgment in his neighbor's pocket with the view of taking it out—a Herculean task to be sure—when Job heard in the next room the sound of music.—Several Kentucky reels were played, anon, the sweet breathings of a melodious voice sung "Sweet—sweet home."  
"May I be d—d," said Job, "if that dont beat Bob Walker, and he's a patch above common. But that sint none of your music boxes, I know; it can't be. Is it?"  
"My daughter is playing on the piano," said the General, "we will walk in the room and hear her." Here were blandishments to strike Job dumb, and entrance all his senses.  
"The man who has no music in his soul, And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."  
Job thought a man might love music and spoils also. He felt a liking for both. Therefore he applauded the music in his own way most rapturously.  
Said Job, "May I never pull another trigger, if she's not a priming above anything I heard talk about. Why, she's chartered! She's a ra-al one, I assure you. Why, it's enough to make a fellow swim that can't; and if it wasn't for all these fine kiverlids over the track, (the carpet) and I had a partner to my mind, I'd go my drove to nothing or less, I can shake the ticks off any boy you can produce."  
The General now thought the Kentuckian ripe enough. To aid in which he had been

plied with choice liquors as he denominated the Brandy and Madeira.  
The horses were brought out and examined and praised, and cheapened, and faults found with all.  
They could agree upon nothing.  
"Well, where is your quarter horse?" asked the General. "Oh, ho! I sort o' tho't what you were after," answered Job, "for you hardly looked at them thar matches, and these fine geldings." So you must be after the quartering, Jim, fetch up Lazy Sam, will you? Now General, I'll tell you, honor bright, he's never been lick't in a quarter spurt, but once; by Joe Miller's sorrel mare which runs like a streak of lightning. She's a ra-al screamer. Daddy swapt for him last fall, after she tanned him out. If I know'd her I'd give you her marks, so as you mightn't be tuckt in. For I heard Joe was bringing her to the South to win his expenses. But here's the horse anyhow, and I assure you he's not slow."  
Now be it remembered that honest Job was not ignorant, that General H— was at that time the owner of this identical mare, and for reasons best known to himself he wished to make a race between her and Lazy Sam.  
The General examined Lazy Sam with the eye of a Jockey.  
"Pish," said he very contemptuously, "why this thing cannot run; why it's flab-sided as a sheep and as heavy shouldered as a hog and cat hammed besides: I would not give a mule for three of it. Why did you not bring a lot of mules to market? I would have bought some at a fair price. Your horses do not suit me. Pray what do you ask for this thing which you call a running nag? It may do to plough a season or two. Does it work?"  
Unlike the Job of ancient days, Job Tompkins suffered his anger to rise and master him. At least he made the General think. To use his own words he corvorted. He screamed out.  
"Hallo! Mister, I wonder you're so mighty wise considerin you know so little. Why, you make me feel all over in spots, to listen at you. I reckon may be you've got a quartering yourself: aint you?"  
"I have a plough nag here," said the General very coolly, "that I am sure can run away from that thing of yours."  
"Thing!" halloed Job, "why, you make me feel a sort of wolfy, and I've a good mind to go my whole lot again any thing you can parade in the whole south."  
"I would not spoil a good mind then," quoth the General. "But I suppose you are afraid to run, as your father has forbid it."  
"I don't care a solitary flint what daddy says when my Irish is up," exclaimed Job indignantly. "Bring out your nag and let's see it."  
The General gave the order; and as Job expected, the sorrel mare, (once Joe Miller's) was brought forward.  
While Job examined, his adversary endeavored all he could to fret him by disparaging his horse; and Job appeared worked to fever heat.  
To cut short the story, the drove was staked against twenty-five hundred dollars in a check upon the C— Bank. And the company adjourned to the General's track, to see the race. On the way Job stopped short and facing the General, asked very earnestly:  
"Now you're sure this aint Joe Miller's nag? My mind sort o' misgives me, caze from what I've heard they sort o' favor like."  
"D— a your Joe Miller and his nag also," replied the General, "the mare is mine, I tell you."  
This appeared satisfactory.  
I have given you the General's description of Job's running horse—done to fret him. It was by no means a correct one. Lazy Sam was a well made poney of the *Printer* stock, but was of a mild, sleepy, sluggish disposition; until his metal was roused. He generally went with his eye half shut and his head drooping at an angle of forty-five degrees. When the General viewed him he was in this condition.  
The horses were in the General's stable, and the check for two thousand dollars was in the hands of a gentleman present. The General had no doubt keeping all Joe's fine horses and sending him home on his ten toes. Lazy Sam was fed along by Job's boy as sleepy as usual. The preliminaries were adjusted, and riders mounted. As Job threw Jim on Lazy Sam,—he sprang all four off the ground; and his dull, sleepy look, was changed into a wild, almost devilish expression.  
He looked as Job did when he "corvorted". The General lost his mahogany color and looked pale; but he said nothing.  
Lazy Sam won the race by thirty feet. Job was suddenly cool as a cucumber. And as he put the twenty-five hundred dollar check in his easy greasy pocket book, which he did very deliberately, he looked round cunningly.  
"I sort o' think that's first rate and a half," said Job, "and a leetle past common. Why, Gin'ral, Sam's laid you as cold as a wedge." He turned round suddenly to his rider, "Jim," said he, "here's five dollars; why it all goes in a man's life time, but the General looks as if he'd been squeezed through the little end of nothing or less."